

# Friday, Saturday and Monday are "SHOPPING DAYS" and Here are some Fine Bargains which should meet with your approval

|                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| COTTON TWEEDS          | Reg. 65c. Now 59c. |
| BROWN DUCK             | Reg. 36c. Now 33c. |
| BLUE DENIM             | Reg. 48c. Now 44c. |
| INDIAN HEAD            | Reg. 33c. Now 30c. |
| INDIAN HEAD            | Reg. 48c. Now 44c. |
| CIRCULAR PILLOW COTTON | Reg. 80c. Now 69c. |
| CIRCULAR PILLOW COTTON | Reg. 90c. Now 84c. |
| WHITE TWILL SHEETING   | Reg. 1.40 Now 1.20 |
| WHITE CURTAIN NET      | Reg. 45c. Now 40c. |
| WHITE CURTAIN NET      | Reg. 55c. Now 49c. |
| PLAIN SPRING BLINDS    | Reg. 85c. Now 80c. |

|                                    |                    |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| PLAIN SPRING BLINDS (with fringe)— | Reg. 95c. Now 87c. |
| SPRING ROLLERS                     | 27c.               |

## A SAMPLE LINE of VOILE

A splendid line of goods going at attractive prices.

Regular 45 cts., Now 39 cts.  
Regular 60 cts., Now 52 cts.  
Regular 75 cts., Now 65 cts.

These goods are now on show in our Western Shop.

# Marshall Bros

|                                      |                    |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| LADIES' SUEDE FINISH GLOVES          | Reg. 55c. Now 50c. |
| LADIES' SUEDE FINISH GLOVES          | Reg. 70c. Now 59c. |
| LADIES' SUEDE FINISH GLOVES          | Reg. 80c. Now 68c. |
| LADIES' SUEDE GAUNTLETS              | Reg. 1.45 Now 1.30 |
| LADIES' SUEDE GAUNTLETS              | Reg. 2.20 Now 1.98 |
| LADIES' BLACK & COLORED COTTON HOSE— | Reg. 23c. Now 20c. |
| LADIES' BLACK & COLORED COTTON HOSE— | Reg. 32c. Now 27c. |
| LADIES' CASHMERE HOSE                | Reg. 55c. Now 50c. |
| LADIES' CASHMERE HOSE                | Reg. 72c. Now 65c. |
| LADIES' HEAVY RIBBED HEATHER ROSE—   | Reg. 58c. Now 52c. |

A PROMPT, EFFICIENT MAIL ORDER SYSTEM.

### The Adventures of Bose

A TRUE STORY OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

(Specially Written For The Family Herald by R. B. POWELL.)

Bose was a Newfoundland dog. His soft, warm hair was a deep jet black with one white spot about the size of a quarter, on his throat. Joy, pain and love were depicted at different times, even though he possessed a black ruff to his mouth—the sign of a pure bred Newfoundland dog—he was always ready to make friends. He despised an aristocrat at all times.

Until Bose was six months of age little was known of him, aside from the general conclusion that he had been cruelly treated. One day, in St. John's, Newfoundland, shortly after Bose had his half-year birthday, his life took a change for the better. He was on board a small fishing sloop which was tied up to a larger freighter. Bose was receiving the worst thrashing of his life, from a cruel, drunken fisherman. The dog howled with pain every time the heavy lash fell across his trembling back. The dog had no opportunity to escape as he was chained to the after rail. He had been beaten before, but never so cruelly as this; now he gave up all hopes of living through the torture. The drunken beast seemed tireless in his purpose of beating the dog to death.

The moans and barks of Bose brought the mate of the freighter to the rail with an angry scowl on his face. "Hi there, stop beating that dog."

"Mind your own business," came back the quick retort. The mate slipped over the rail onto the deck of the fishing smack. A few blows straight from the shoulder ended the dispute, after which the mate climbed back on board the freighter with Bose under his arm.

The young captain had been watching the scene with delight from the top deck, and was prepared to meet the first officer with the customary cry, "Good work, Dad, you sure hold on to that right hand punch well for a man of your age. What are you go-

ing to do with the dog? "Keep him off course!"

The next day the freighter pulled out for Halifax. There was a new life before Bose, everything was different. The most wonderful of all was the kindness shown to him. The only blow he received was from a deck-hand who paid for his cruelty by a swollen nose administered by the steward. The captain, mates, engineers and the crew joined in to see that Bose received nothing but the best of treatment.

The machinery on the boat caused Bose a great deal of concern. He would lie for hours in the engine-room watching the wheels and pistons in motion, trying to fathom the cause of their movements. Gradually he took everything for granted and wandered about the ship from the fore-castle to the bridge—always a welcome friend.

One warm afternoon, when the steward had given Bose his fifth bone for the day, the mate came along to the after deck. "I wonder what Bose would do if you were to throw his bone on to the boat-deck?" I don't know, but I'd bet dollars to doughnuts that he would find a way to get it," replied the steward. There was no way to the boat deck, which was ten feet above the main deck, except by a single ladder. This ladder had round straight rungs placed about 12 inches apart. It was difficult even for a man to climb the ladder, and it looked impossible for a dog. The mate picked up the bone and threw it far back on the boat deck. Bose immediately ran to the foot of the ladder and tried to ascend. He could get three legs off the deck alright, but when he tried to place the fourth on the bottom rung, he would topple backwards on the deck looking exceedingly crestfallen, but as determined as ever to succeed. After 3 fruitless attempts he walked back a few paces from the foot of the ladder and stood revolving in his mind a new system of attack.

He now approached with a new look in his intelligent eyes. He reached as high as he could with one of his front paws. Then, instead of keeping his head parallel with the rest of his body, he thrust it behind

the rung on which he had placed his paw. This kept him from falling backwards until he had placed all four paws on the ladder. He then steadied himself by the back of his neck while he reached up for the next rung with one of his front paws. Cautiously he removed his head and placed it behind the same rung. He continued this until he reached the top of the ladder and won his bone. After a little practice, he became so proficient that he was able to climb a rope ladder with ease.

Many were the attempts to steal Bose in the different ports at which the boat was docked. On one trip to Newfoundland, Bose was stolen and locked up in an old shed. But the dog immediately set to work to chew and tear his way to freedom. It took him some time to do this, but after a day's incessant labor he emerged from the dark shed into the daylight. He frequented the docks until the freighter made his return voyage and then was welcomed by one and all as one of the crew.

When Bose was twelve months old he had a new experience thrust upon him. The ship was at the dock in Halifax when the mate attached a collar and chain to him while the crew stood round the pair voicing their opinions: "Oh! Come on; let him stay old man." "Don't send him away mate," coaxed the crew. But the mate was set in his ways. "No, I am going to send him as a present to my son."

The next day Bose was shipped away on the train, leaving a sorrowful crew who all felt as though their best friend was going forever. For the first time in his life Bose set up a protest. He became so morose and sullen that the baggage-man left him severely alone in the corner, for he said, "I'm taking no chances with that savage brute." In the late afternoon the train pulled up at a flag station and Bose was unloaded. A young man of twenty awaited him at the station. He led the hot and tired dog a distance of two miles to the village, which was nestled between two hills on the St. Mary's Bay.

At sight of the water the dog began to strain at his chain, for he longed to get into the water and let himself be tossed about on their cool, refreshing crests. "Alright Old Top, I understand, we'll both go in; I am almost dead myself for a dip on the ocean wave," remarked the young man.

It was certainly refreshing to be in the water after such a hot, tiresome journey. All thought of his companion was gone in his delight of the swim. A sudden splash caused Bose to look around in time to see the young man disappear below a large wave. This was something new to Bose—that wasn't the correct way to swim according to his rules. Something must be wrong. It may be that his new-found friend was drowning. Anyway he would investigate. He swam instantly toward the spot where the young man had disappeared. He reached there as the young man rose from the water—he appeared to be in distress. It was no doubt now but what Bose would pull his friend to land and safety. At any rate he must not allow him to drown. He swam directly toward his companion with a worried look in his eyes. The young man was hastened to the wharf where he remained until the dog had completed his swim.

The two friends now went to the house, here Bose found something real interesting. As he turned to walk into the orchard he met a delfy creature which gave a "cluck," whenever Bose drew near it. This amused the newcomer and awakened his curiosity. He approached the contraption with a wondering look. What was it? What was it made of? What would happen if he should slap it? As quick as a flash the black paw

reached out and the next minute feathers were flying in all directions. "What fun—this thing was just stuck together to be knocked to pieces. A second pivot-blow brought more feathers. A third brought a dozen more of the same kind of creatures around Bose. The young man heard the commotion and came out to investigate. Bose left off his enjoyment and ran up to his young master trying to explain the excitement and endeavoring to get his friend to join in the sport. Great was his surprise to find that he had been doing that which he should not have done.

Bose's sense of humor led him into many difficulties. A few weeks later he found a hive of field-bees. Their buzzing made him think they wanted to play, but it ended up in a war. The size was in favor of Bose, but the numbers count, and for fifteen minutes Bose fought a losing fight. But at last he hit on a happy idea. He approached the hive until he was approached by one lone bee. He would then retreat with the little warrior in full pursuit. Suddenly the large combatant would turn quickly and snap at the solitary bee, the poor unlucky warrior disappearing within the

laughing jaws of Bose. After an hour of this kind of warfare Bose had completely annihilated the colony. He then turned towards home, stopping every few minutes to drive his swollen nose in the dust and roll over in the cool dust to ease the pain of his wounds.

After remaining in the country for a year, Bose was sent to a big city. Here he took over the occupation of a watchman on one of the docks. Very little was stolen from the wharf after Bose got the idea of what his duties consisted of. To-day our friend is engaged as a watchman in a private home in one of the suburbs of Boston. His record is so good that there is no doubt but what he will retain his present position for the remainder of his life.

**Peer's Life Policies**  
The Daily Express understands that the peer whose life policies amounting to £320,000 were sold, by auction on Thursday, for £104,910 is Lord Armstrong, of Bambergh, and Cragside, Northumberland.

His financial affairs have more than once been a matter of public interest.

He is a great-nephew of the famous founder of the shipbuilding and armament firm of Armstrong, Whitworth, at Elswick, and he was at one time a director of the firm himself.

Lord Armstrong resigned that position in February, 1908, and in the following month a deed of arrangement with creditors was filed at the Bills of Sale Office under the deeds of Arrangement Act, of 1887.

**DEBTS.**  
The deed provided for the settlement in full of his debts, and it set forth that the liabilities secured amounted to £523,000 unsecured and £132,158.

Lord Armstrong did not succeed his great-uncle in the title, but he was his heir. The first Lord Armstrong left a fortune of the gross value of £1,395,946, and by his will he bequeathed all his real estate, household effects as heirlooms, and all live and dead stock to his great-nephew (who was created Baron Armstrong in 1903) and his heirs in tail.

The residue of the estate after payment of a number of bequests and annuities was left in trust to his great-nephew for life with remainder to his children.

The present Lord Armstrong took an active interest in a number of ventures that were unsuccessful. He was one of the creditors in the case of Francis Hastings Medhurst, who was found shot in a Croydon hotel in 1909, and his proof of debt in the bankruptcy proceedings amounted to £53,642.

He was at one time convinced that Lemoine, who was convicted in 1909 for defrauding Sir Julius Wernher of £64,000 in connection with a diamond-making "secret," was genuine. He was a director of the Pyrenees Electrical Supply, Ltd., a company formed in 1907 at the time when Lemoine was arranging for a "diamond factory" to be built at Argelès in the Pyrenees.

The underrability of his association with Lemoine's undertaking was the subject of comment in financial journals before the exposure of the fraud.

Lord Armstrong also interested himself financially in a number of syndicates, including an early wireless telegraphy undertaking, a drug and drink cure enterprise, mining and oil schemes.

Permission to sell heirlooms was

given by the courts to Lord Armstrong in 1910. The pictures and drawings realized £29,032.

Further interest in his financial affairs was aroused last year when he announced that he was closing Cragside, the famous Northumberland seat of the family, and was going to live at "The Cottage," formerly the residence of his estate agent in the grounds.—Daily Express, February 23.

**A Masterpiece of Dramatic Art—"Pilate's Daughter";** Casino Theatre, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings.—mar20.11

**Danger in Dyed Furs.**  
(By a Physician.)

It is by no means uncommon for doctors to be consulted by women who have bought and worn coats with dyed fur collars; and the reason for their doing so is that they have found that, after wearing these coats, an acute inflammation of the skin, or dermatitis, has been set up, not only in the neck but frequently also in the face.

This same form of dermatitis has been noticed after the application of some hair dyes, and the cause is the same whether the human hair is dyed or a dyed fur be worn next to the skin.

The basis of these dyes is a substance known as paraphenylenediamine, which while it gives a perfect and fast color to fur and hair, also deposits on the fur and hair a poisonous irritant. Hence the dermatitis.

In the process of dyeing, chemical reactions continue after the fur or hair has attained the desired color, and a substance known as "Bandrowski's base" is formed, and this adheres to the fur or hair.

It is to this substance that all the trouble which follows has been ascribed.

Ahmad, the poisoner and irritant effects of this by-product which result from the use of paraphenylenediamine has been recognized. So much so that in Saxony and other parts of Germany the use of paraphenylenediamine has been prohibited as a hair-dye, as it has also in Paris, while in the United States importation has been prohibited.

In England, however, the use of this dye is permitted without any restrictions.

The furs most frequently dyed are rabbit skins; and it would seem that these skins are prepared, dyed, and dressed abroad, usually in Germany and Belgium, and then imported into this country. In addition to paraphenylenediamine, another substance known as metaphenylenediamine is used, and this also is deleterious.

Surely the time has arrived when the public should be protected against injuries resulting from the wearing of these furs? This protection may take the form of prohibiting altogether the importation of dyed furs or by insisting that the dyers—that is, the trade—remove all the poisonous substances from these furs before they are imported.—Ex.

A splendid Scriptural Drama interpreted flawlessly by some of our best local talent; "Pilate's Daughter," Casino Theatre, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings.—mar20.11

A great many tailored frocks have been graced with long silk tassels. Sports clothes are the correct day and night costume for any summer resort.

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## Brick's Tasteless

BRICK'S TASTELESS is an excellent preparation to give an appetite. No other medicine will restore lost weight so quickly. It purifies the blood, it makes the weak strong. It is so prepared that it can be taken by anyone without the least digestive effort.

Thousands of people all over the country have used BRICK'S TASTELESS and find it the best all round TONIC to be had.

TRY A BOTTLE AND NOTE RESULTS IN A WEEK

You can purchase a bottle of BRICK'S for \$1.20 at all General Stores in the Outports, and in the city at the following Stores:

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Wholesale to the Trade only.

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| SPANISH VALENCIA ORANGES        | 35c. Doz.     |
| MESSINA LEMONS                  | 30c. Doz.     |
| GRAPE FRUIT                     | 90c. Doz. up. |
| CALIFORNIA ORANGES              | 50c. Doz. up. |
| EXTRA FCY. WINESAP TABLE APPLES | 45c. Doz. up. |

FLORIDA CELERY, RIPE TOMATOES, RIPE BANANAS, FRESH PEARS, WASHED AMERICAN PARSNIPS, CARROTS and BEETS, NEW CABBAGE, NEW LAID EGGS, AMERICAN & SPANISH ONIONS, NEW YORK CORNED BEEF, MONTREAL SAUSAGES.

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